GOLD KEY

M.A.R.S. PATROL

15c

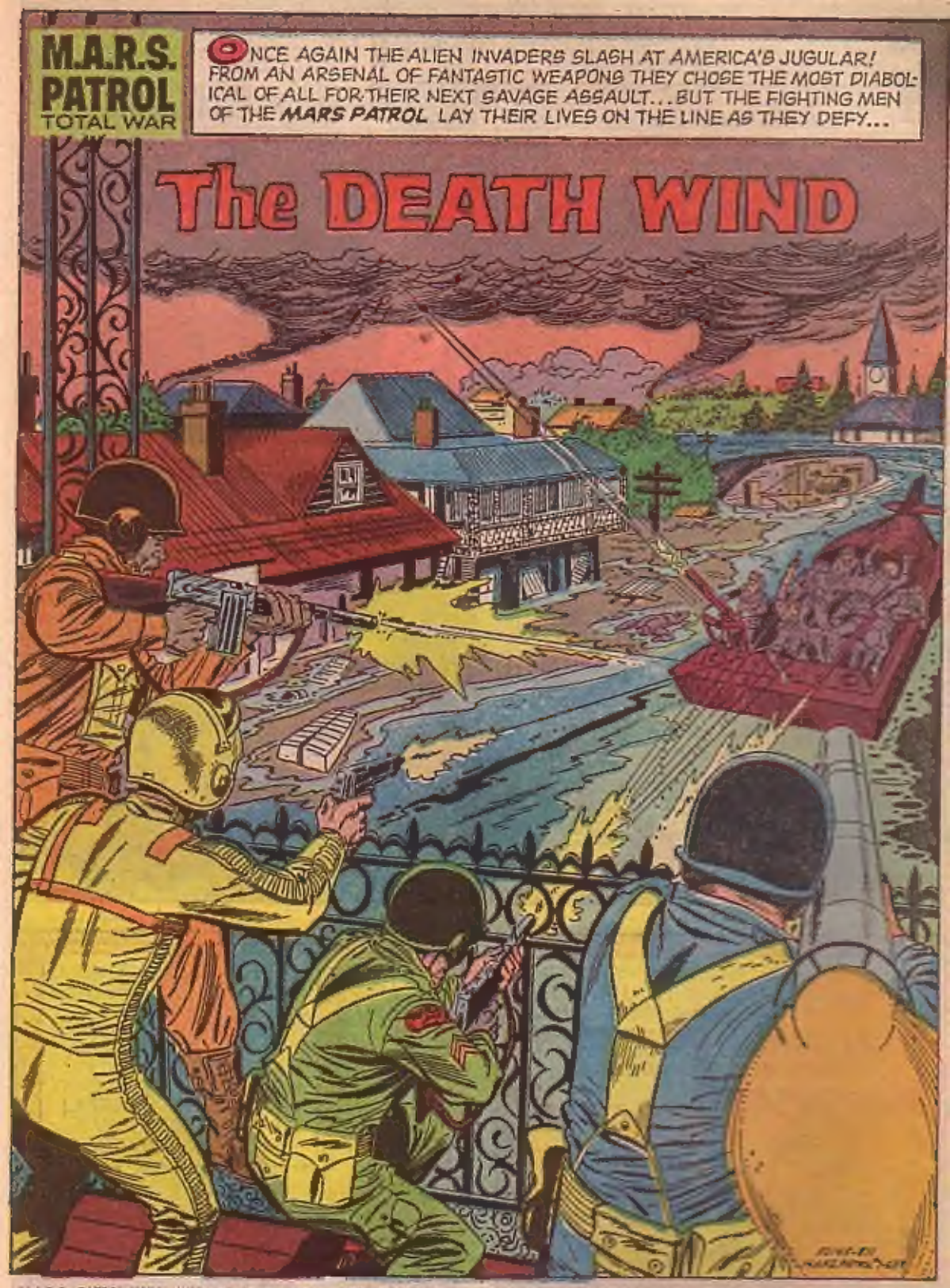
10145-811
NOVEMBER

M.A.R.S.* PATROL TOTAL WAR

*Marine Attack Rescue Service

© 1968, WESTERN PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.

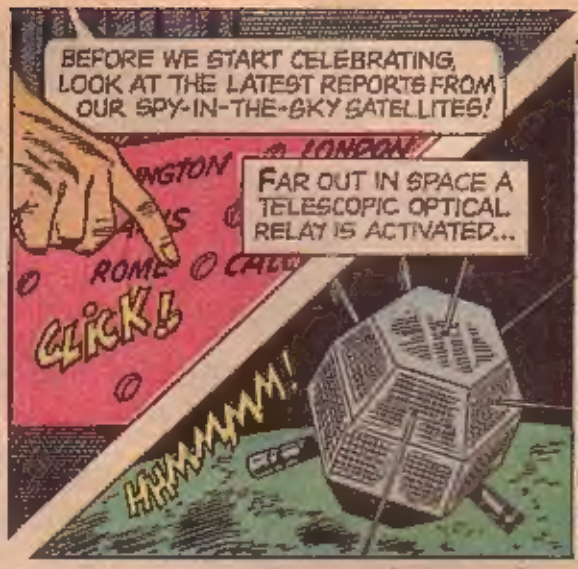
The aliens strike in hurricane force with THE DEATH WIND!

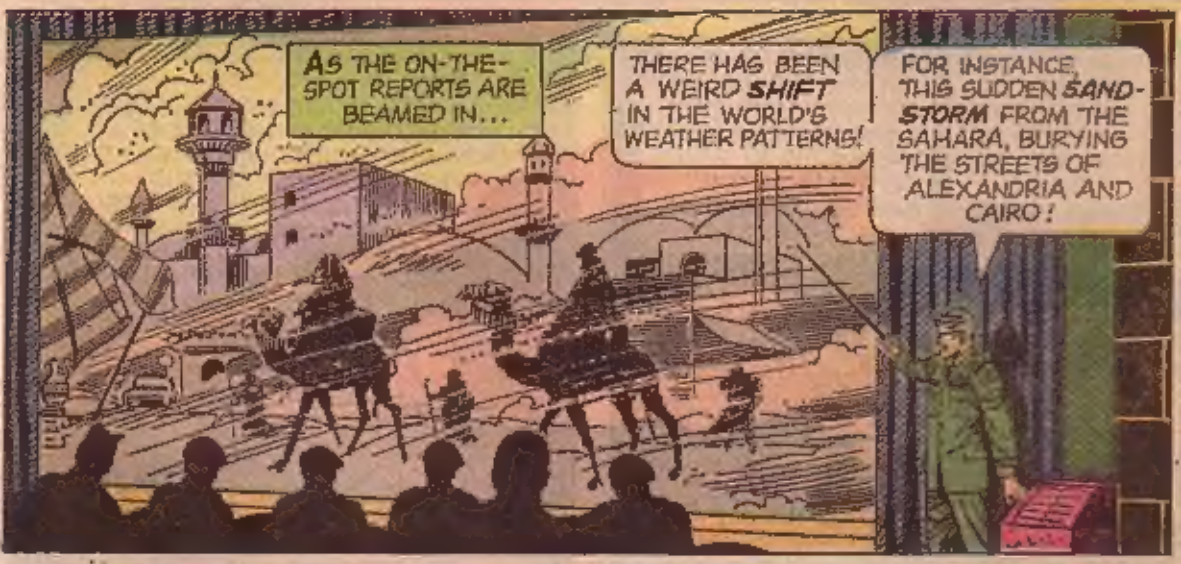


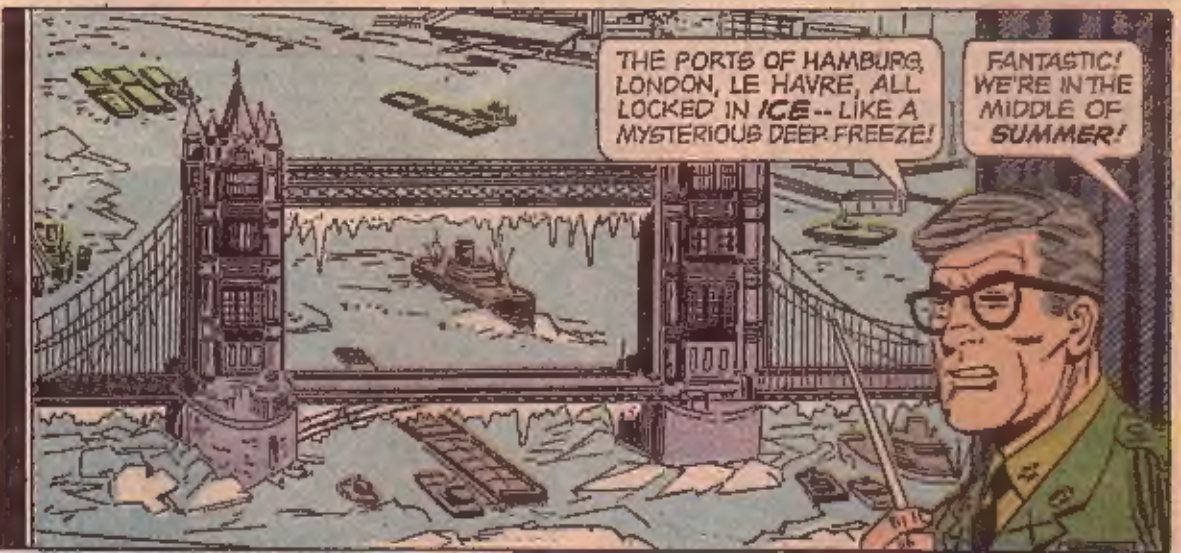
M.A.R.S. PATROL TOTAL WAR, No. 7, November, 1968. Published quarterly by Western Publishing Company, Inc., North Road, Poughkeepsie, New York 12602. All rights reserved throughout the world. Printed in U.S.A. Copyright © 1968, by Western Publishing Company, Inc.
This Periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition, nor affixed to nor as part of any advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

AS THE FIGHTING MARS TEAM MAKES A COMMAND APPEARANCE AT THE WHITE HOUSE...
MR. PRESIDENT, MEET THE MARS ADVANCED TRAINING SQUAD!
LIEUTENANT CY ADAMS!
SERGEANT JOE STRIKER!
SERGEANT KEN HIRO AND CORPORAL RUSS STACEY!
AT EASE, GENTLEMEN!
YOU MEN HAVE EARNED A CARLOAD OF MEDALS FOR SAVING WASHINGTON FROM THE INVADERS--BUT THERE'S NO TIME FOR CONGRATULATIONS!
MEN, AS YOUR COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, I AM ABOUT TO ASSIGN YOU TO THE MOST DANGEROUS MISSION YOU'VE EVER TACKLED! IT MIGHT EASILY COST YOU YOUR LIVES!
THAT'S THE NAME OF THE GAME, SIR!
SOON, IN A TOP SECRET WHITE HOUSE BRIEFING ROOM...
GENTLEMEN, AS YOU WELL KNOW, AMERICA HAS BEEN ATTACKED BY ALIEN FORCES FROM SOMEWHERE IN SPACE! IN SPITE OF THEIR SUPER-SCIENTIFIC WEAPONRY, WE'VE FOUGHT THEM TO A STANDSTILL! OTHER NATIONS HAVE BEEN INVADED, TOO!

BUT A FEW HOURS AGO, THE ALIEN INVADERS BEGAN TO RETREAT FROM THEIR ADVANCED POSITIONS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, LEAVING THEIR WRECKED EQUIPMENT!
GREAT!


BEFORE WE START CELEBRATING, LOOK AT THE LATEST REPORTS FROM OUR SPY-IN-THE-SKY SATELLITES!
LONDON
ROME
CLICK!
FAR OUT IN SPACE A TELESCOPIC OPTICAL RELAY IS ACTIVATED...
HMMMMM!


AS THE ON-THE-SPOT REPORTS ARE BEAMED IN...
THERE HAS BEEN A WEIRD SHIFT IN THE WORLD'S WEATHER PATTERNS!
FOR INSTANCE, THIS SUDDEN SAND-STORM FROM THE SAHARA, BURYING THE STREETS OF ALEXANDRIA AND CAIRO!


THE PORTS OF HAMBURG, LONDON, LE HAVRE, ALL LOCKED IN ICE -- LIKE A MYSTERIOUS DEEP FREEZE!
FANTASTIC! WE'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF SUMMER!

OFF THE COAST OF EAST ASIA, UNSEASONAL TYPHOONS ARE SWAMPING THE SHORES OF JAPAN AND THE PHILIPPINES WITH GIANT TIDAL WAVES!

FRANKLY, WE BELIEVE THE INVADERS ARE BEHIND ALL THIS!

BUT, SIR, OUR METEOROLOGISTS SAY WE'VE A LOT TO LEARN ABOUT THE WEATHER! HOW DO YOU KNOW THE BALDIES ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS?

I'LL SPELL IT OUT FOR YOU, STACEY! THOSE STORMS ARE KNOCKING OUT THE WORLD'S MOST IMPORTANT PORTS AND CITIES...WHICH WOULD FIT IN EXACTLY WITH THE BALDIES' *PLAN OF CONQUEST!*

IT ALL ADDS UP, LIEUTENANT!

THOSE INVADERS USED ELECTRONIC WEATHER-CONTROL TOWERS TO CARVE OUT A MILITARY BAGE UP IN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE! IT TOOK A MAJOR ATTACK TO BLAST THEM OUT OF IT!

YOU *MARS* MEN ARE ON THE BALL! IF THE ALIENS HAVE MASTERED WEATHER CONTROL, THEY COULD CREATE GIANT *WATERSPOUTS* TO SINK A FLEET... LIGHTNING STORMS THAT COULD DEMOLISH CITIES!

JUST THEN...

SIR... THESE ARE THE LATEST PHOTOS TRANSMITTED BY TIROS X!

AH YES, TIROS X, THE SATELLITE WHICH USES INFRA-RED LIGHT TO DETECT WEATHER CHANGES!

AS THE PHOTOS ARE CHECKED...

INTERESTING! THE INFRA-RED SCANNERS HAVE DETECTED POWERFUL *HEAT SOURCES* NEAR EVERY MAJOR CITY AND VITAL PORT IN THE CIVILIZED WORLD!

WHAT DOES THAT MEAN, SIR?

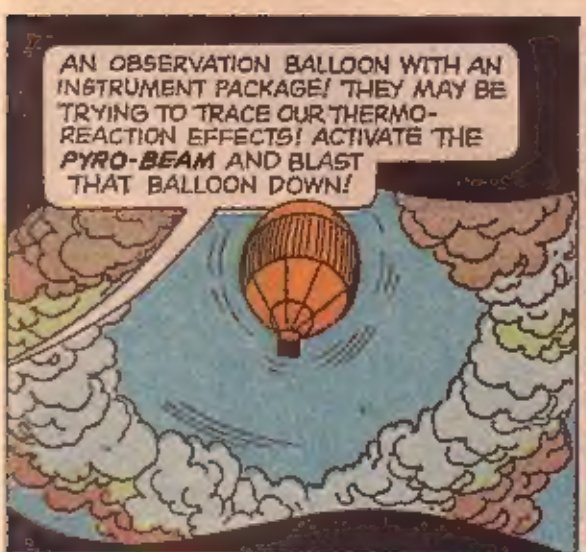
ACCORDING TO METEOROLOGICAL THEORIES A POWERFUL SOURCE OF HEAT CREATES RISING AIR CURRENTS... A KIND OF *HEAT PUMP* TO GENERATE RAPIDLY SPIRALING WINDS AND STORM CONDITIONS!

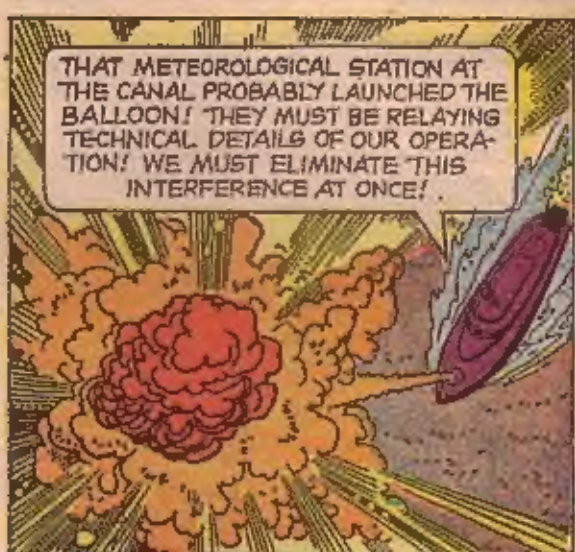
THOSE HOT SPOTS MIGHT INDICATE A WEATHER CONTROL *WEAPON* DESIGNED TO DESTROY OUR GREATEST PORTS AND CITIES! ONE OF THEM IS OFF POINT AQUILLA, THE WEATHER STATION NEAR THE NEW PANAMA CANAL!

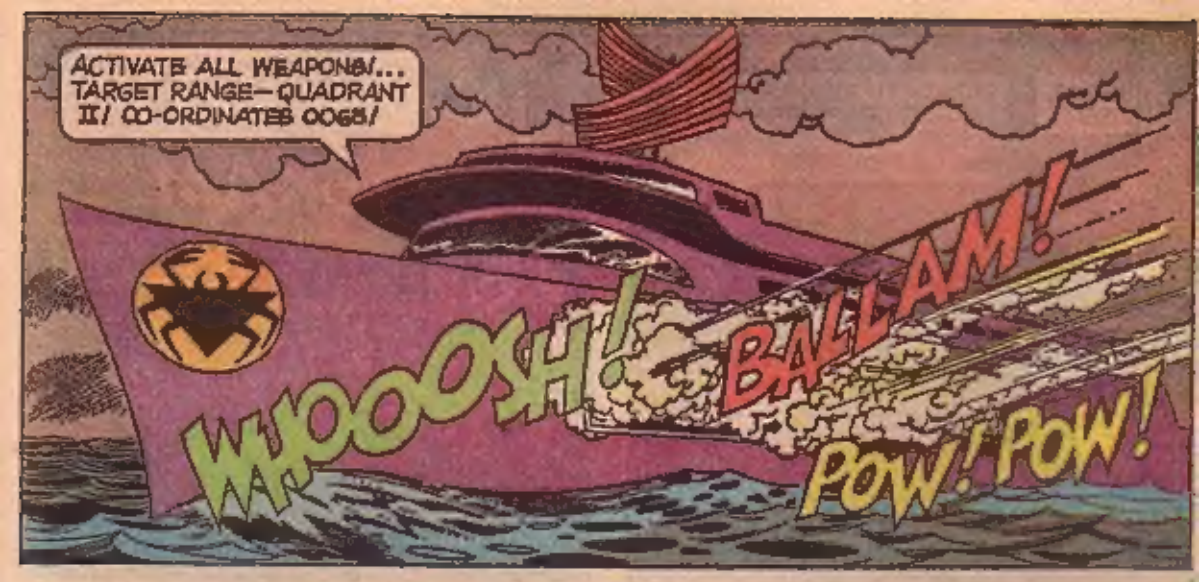
THE ALIENS MIGHT BE PLANNING TO CUT AMERICA'S JUGULAR BY DESTROYING THE CANAL! I WANT THE MARS TEAM TO INVESTIGATE!
WE'RE ON OUR WAY, MR. PRESIDENT!

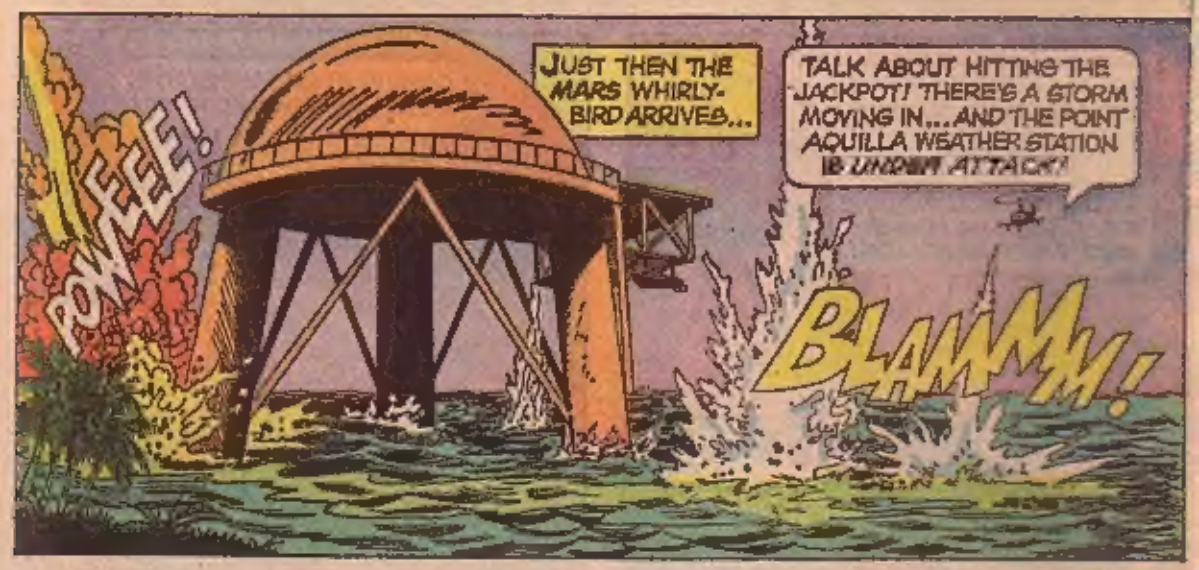
SOON THE MARS MEN ARE WINGING SOUTHWARD...
POUR IT ON, SKIPPER! I'VE GOT A FUNNY FEELING THE EGG COULD BE HITTING THE FAN SOON!

MEANWHILE, ABOARD A STRANGE VESSEL, OFF THE COAST OF PANAMA...
ELECTRONIC SENSORS DETECT APPROACHING OBJECT IN SKY-SECTOR III, SIR!
ORDER A BATTLE ALERT!


AN OBSERVATION BALLOON WITH AN INSTRUMENT PACKAGE! THEY MAY BE TRYING TO TRACE OUR THERMO-REACTION EFFECTS! ACTIVATE THE PYRO-BEAM AND BLAST THAT BALLOON DOWN!

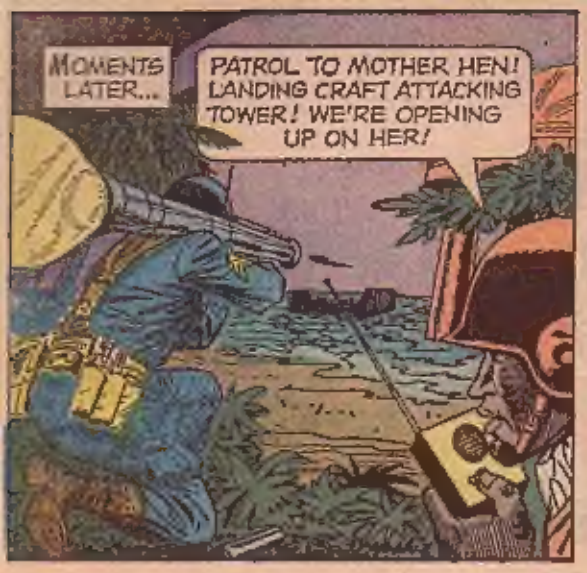

THAT METEOROLOGICAL STATION AT THE CANAL PROBABLY LAUNCHED THE BALLOON! THEY MUST BE RELAYING TECHNICAL DETAILS OF OUR OPERATION! WE MUST ELIMINATE THIS INTERFERENCE AT ONCE!


ACTIVATE ALL WEAPONS!... TARGET RANGE—QUADRANT II! CO-ORDINATES 0065!
WHOOOSH!
BALLAM!
POW! POW!

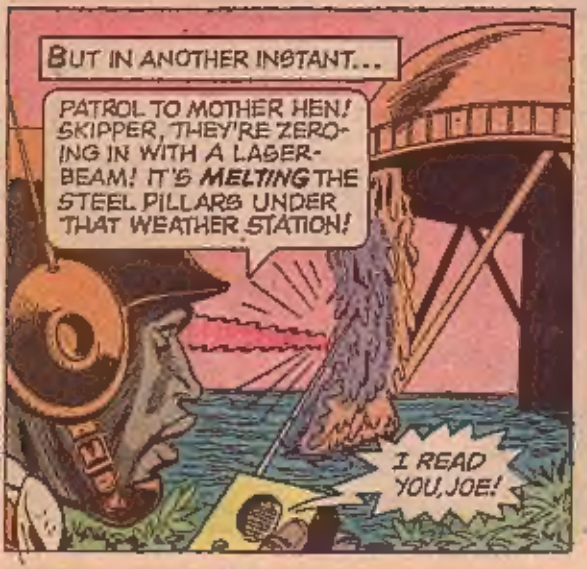

JUST THEN THE MARS WHIRLY-BIRD ARRIVES...
TALK ABOUT HITTING THE JACKPOT! THERE'S A STORM MOVING IN... AND THE POINT AQUILLA WEATHER STATION IS UNDER ATTACK!
POWEEE!
BLAMMM!

LET'S GO WHERE THE ACTION IS! I'M TAKING HER DOWN!

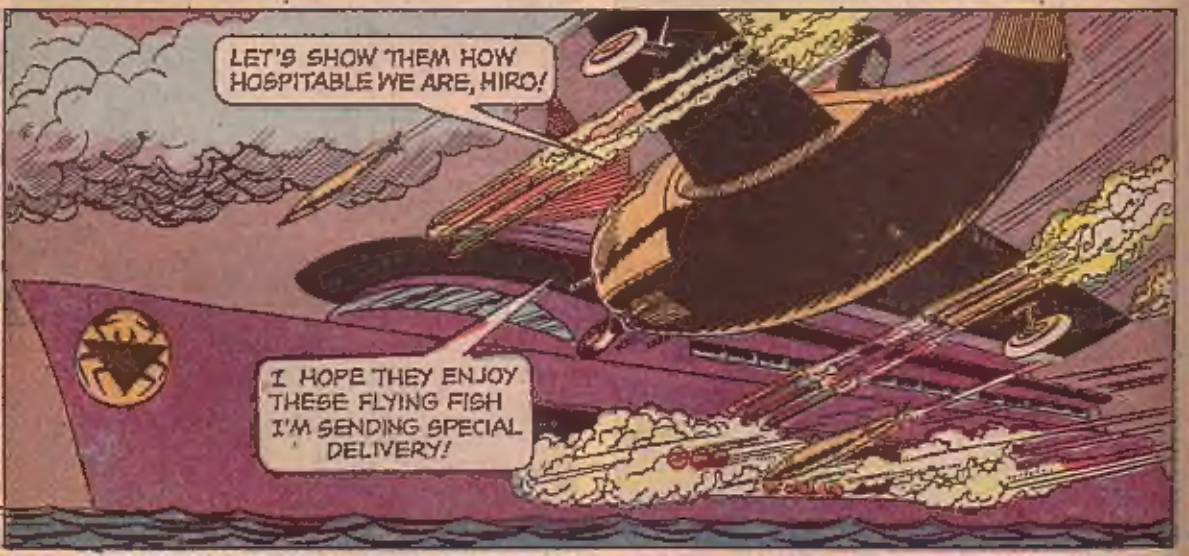
SECONDS LATER, AS THE MARS MEN HIT THE DECK...
STRIKER! STACEY! CHECK ON POSSIBLE INFILTRATORS COMING IN BEHIND THAT TOWER! HIRO AND I ARE GOING TO SEE WHO IS PITCHING ALL THAT INCOMING HARDWARE!


MOMENTS LATER...
PATROL TO MOTHER HEN! LANDING CRAFT ATTACKING TOWER! WE'RE OPENING UP ON HER!

WHOOOSH-VOOOM!
SUSHHHH-BRAM!
RIGHT ON THE NOSE, RUSS!


BUT IN ANOTHER INSTANT...
PATROL TO MOTHER HEN! SKIPPER, THEY'RE ZERO-ING IN WITH A LASER-BEAM! IT'S MELTING THE STEEL PILLARS UNDER THAT WEATHER STATION!
I READ YOU, JOE!

COMING IN ON TARGET! IT'S A CRAB FLOATING FORTRESS!


LET'S SHOW THEM HOW HOSPITABLE WE ARE, HIRO!
I HOPE THEY ENJOY THESE FLYING FISH I'M SENDING SPECIAL DELIVERY!

KAAARRRAAAMM!!

BARROOOOM!

POW!

HAPPY 4TH OF JULY, YOU BALDY CRUMBS! SORRY YOU WON'T BE AROUND TO SEE THE REST OF THE CELEBRATION!

WOW! WE MUST HAVE HIT THEIR AMMO MAGAZINE!

SOON AFTERWARD, ON THE TOWER...

THANKS, MARS MEN! I GUESS YOU GUYS SAVED OUR HASH!

OH SKIPPER, TAKE A LOOK OVERHEAD!

REMEMBER THAT GATHERING STORM? FUNNY HOW THE WEATHER STARTED TO CLEAR UP THE MINUTE WE SANK THAT ALIEN SHIP!

HMM! MAYBE WE'D BETTER HAVE A LOOK AT WHAT'S LEFT OF THAT VESSEL, HIRO!

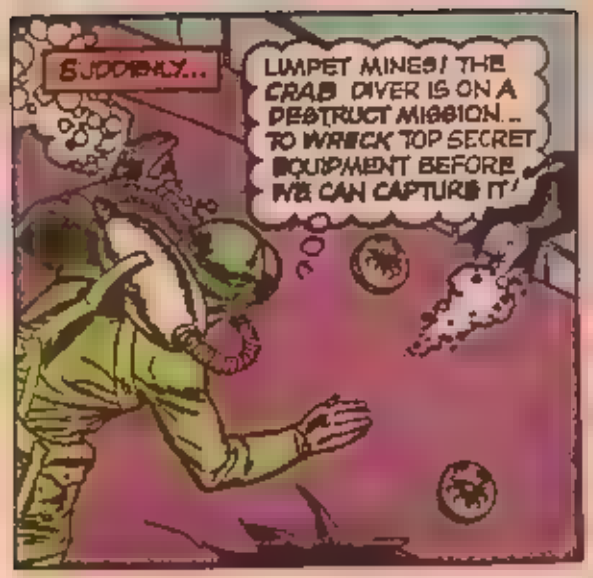
SOON, NEAR THE SUNKEN SHIP...

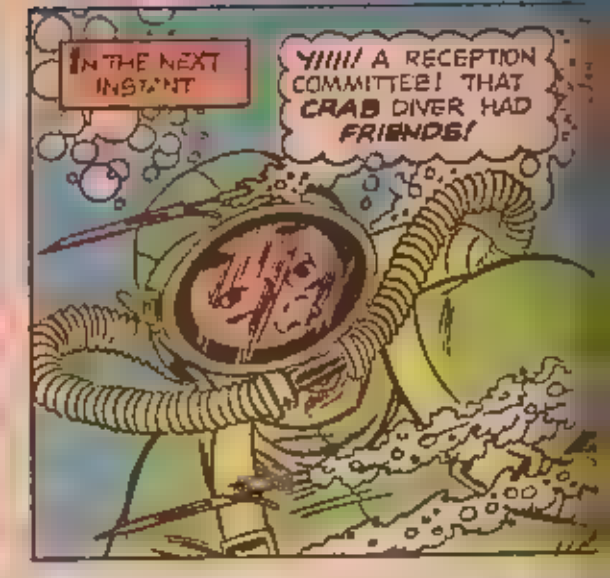
SO YOU THINK THERE'S SOME CONNECTION BETWEEN THAT STORM AND THE CRAB SHIP? WE COULD BE JUMPING TO CONCLUSIONS!

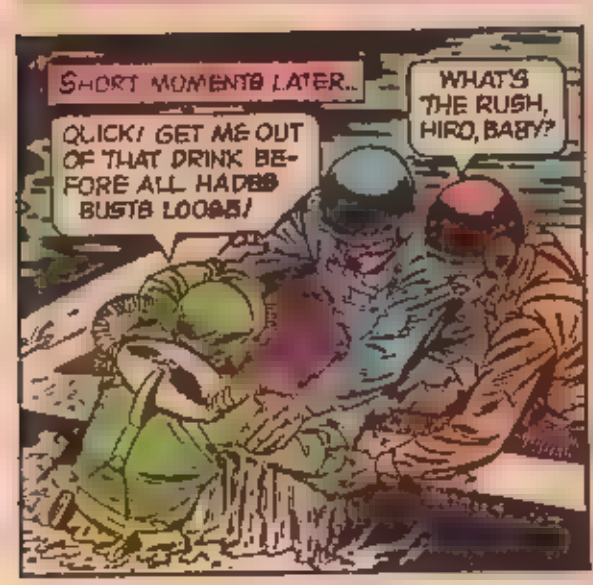
ANCESTORS SAY THAT SOMETIMES ONLY WAY TO REACH CONCLUSION IS TO JUMP AT IT!

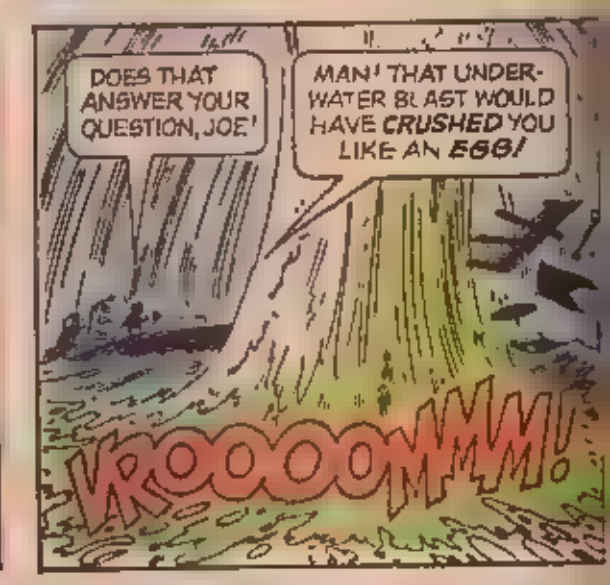
SOON, FAR BENEATH THE SURFACE...

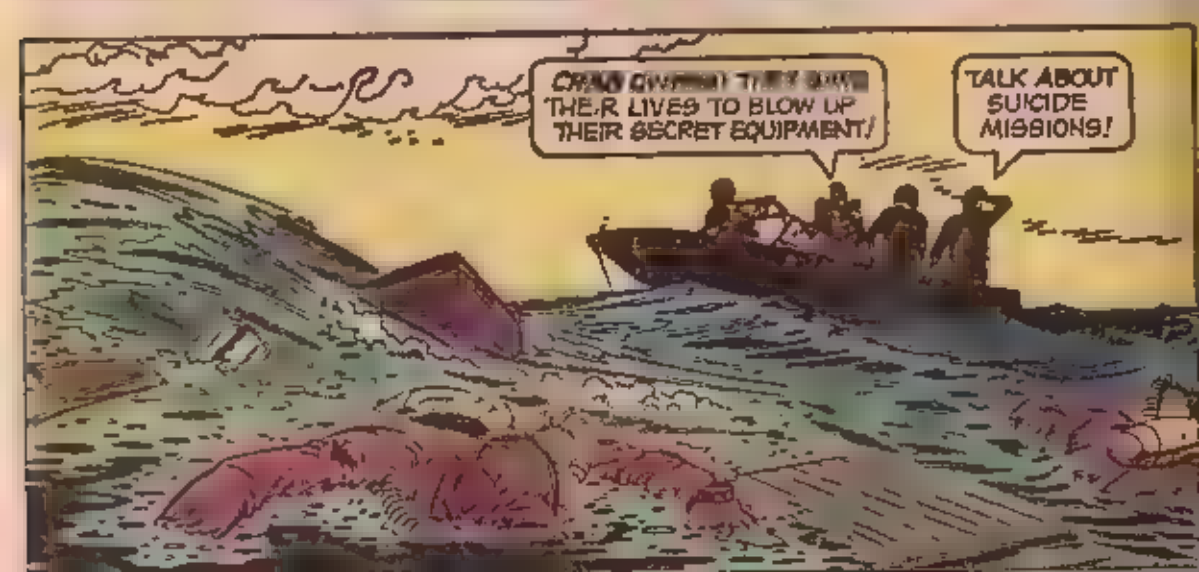
THE CRAB SHIP! LOOK AT ALL THAT ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT! SHE'S DECORATED LIKE A CHRISTMAS TREE!

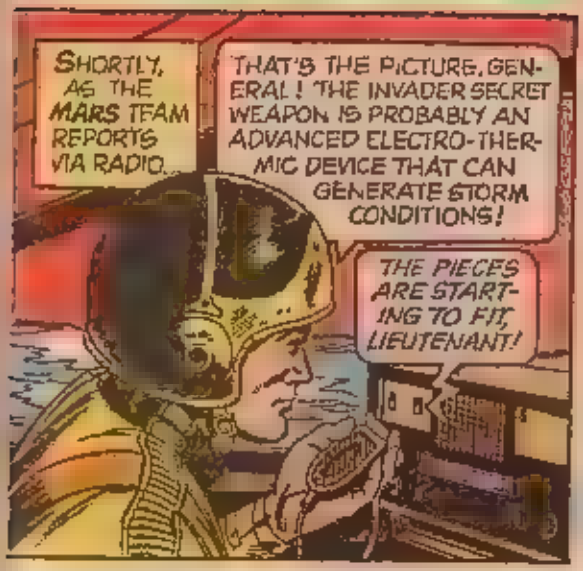

SUDDENLY...
LIMPET MINES! THE CRAB DIVER IS ON A DESTRUCT MISSION... TO WRECK TOP SECRET EQUIPMENT BEFORE WE CAN CAPTURE IT!

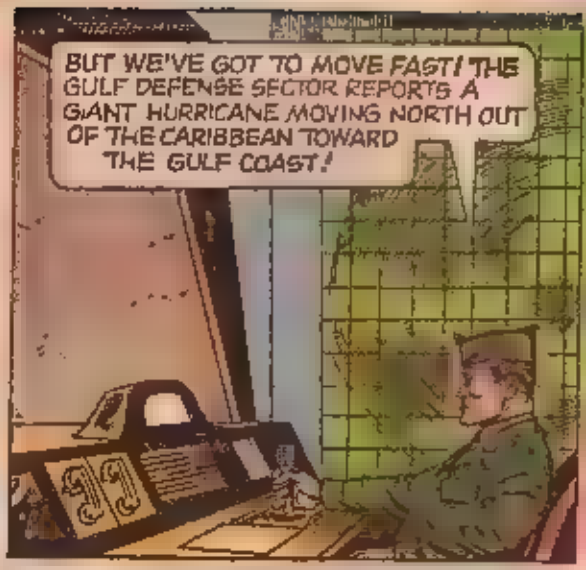

IN THE NEXT INSTANT
YIIII! A RECEPTION COMMITTEE! THAT CRAB DIVER HAD FRIENDS!

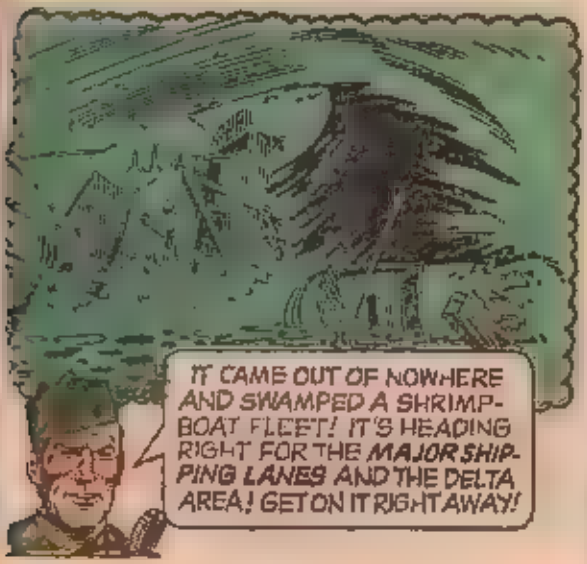

SHORT MOMENTS LATER...
QUICK! GET ME OUT OF THAT DRINK BEFORE ALL HADES BUSTS LOOSE!
WHAT'S THE RUSH, HIRO, BABY?

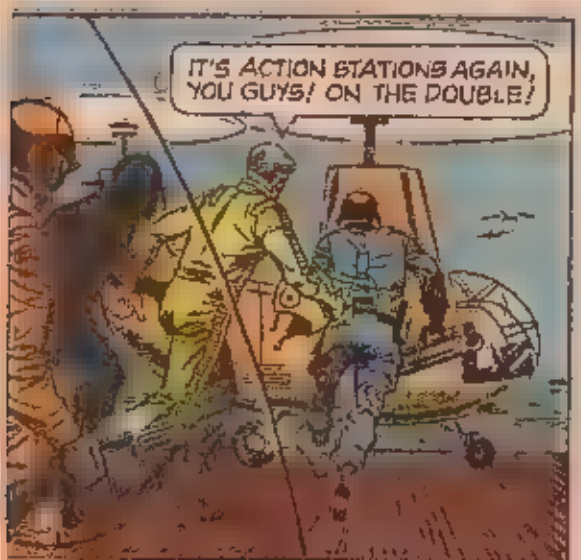

DOES THAT ANSWER YOUR QUESTION, JOE!
MAN! THAT UNDERWATER BLAST WOULD HAVE CRUSHED YOU LIKE AN EGG!
VROOOOMMM!

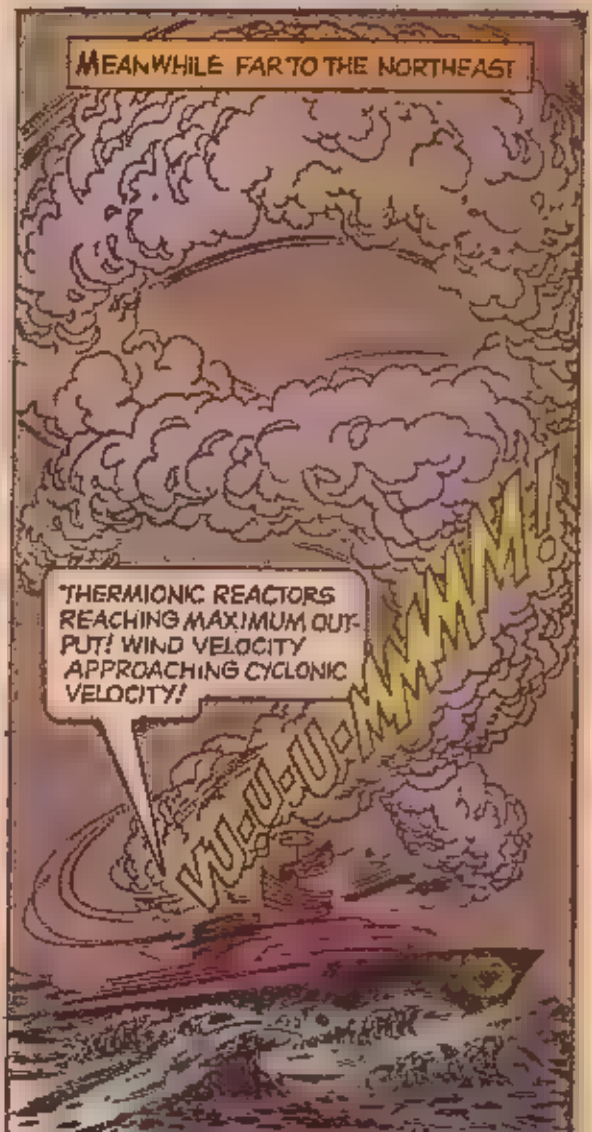

CRAB DIVERS! THEY GIVE THEIR LIVES TO BLOW UP THEIR SECRET EQUIPMENT!
TALK ABOUT SUICIDE MISSIONS!


SHORTLY, AS THE MARS TEAM REPORTS VIA RADIO.
THAT'S THE PICTURE, GENERAL! THE INVADER SECRET WEAPON IS PROBABLY AN ADVANCED ELECTRO-THERMIC DEVICE THAT CAN GENERATE STORM CONDITIONS!
THE PIECES ARE STARTING TO FIT, LIEUTENANT!


BUT WE'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST! THE GULF DEFENSE SECTOR REPORTS A GIANT HURRICANE MOVING NORTH OUT OF THE CARIBBEAN TOWARD THE GULF COAST!


IT CAME OUT OF NOWHERE AND SWAMPED A SHRIMP-BOAT FLEET! IT'S HEADING RIGHT FOR THE MAJOR SHIPPING LANES AND THE DELTA AREA! GET ON IT RIGHT AWAY!


IT'S ACTION STATIONS AGAIN, YOU GUYS! ON THE DOUBLE!


MEANWHILE FAR TO THE NORTHEAST
THERMIONIC REACTORS REACHING MAXIMUM OUTPUT! WIND VELOCITY APPROACHING CYCLONIC VELOCITY!
WU-U-U-MMMM!

GUIDANCE SYSTEM WORKING PERFECTLY! THE STORM IS HEADED DIRECTLY FOR NEW ORLEANS! IF WE CAN DESTROY ITS DEFENSES WE WILL BE ABLE TO CONTROL ONE OF AMERICA'S CHIEF PORTS.
THE HURRICANE CLOUDS ARE RIGHT UNDER US! BUT I DON'T SEE ANY SIGN OF A CRAB VESSEL.
SWAMPED! CAN'T WE DO
JOB IS TO BEAT THAT STORM TO NEW ORLEANS!
WE WERE EXPECTING YOU, LIEUTENANT. DID YOU SPOT ANYTHING ON YOUR WAY IN?
NOTHING BUT THAT HURRICANE HEADING THIS WAY! BETTER ANCHOR DOWN EVERY AIRCRAFT ON YOUR FIELD, SIR!

MEANWHILE IN THE VAST DELTA MARSHLAND

SUNBEAM OIL RIG #3! SOMETHING COMING THIS WAY LOOKS LIKE... A WALL OF WATER! GOOD GRIEF IT MUST BE FORTY FEET HIGH!

HOWWWWEEEEEE!

PILED UP BY THE AWESOME WINDS, A MIGHTY TIDAL WAVE SWEEPS INLAND.

ROARRRRRRRR!

THE WARNING REACHES THE NAVAL AIR STATION IN TIME

THAT HURRICANE'S GOING TO WRECK EVERY PLANE ON THE FIELD!

FORGET IT!

HEAD FOR THOSE POWER BOATS - WHILE YOU STILL CAN

HEAD RIGHT INTO IT RIDE THE CREST... AND PRAY! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!

INSTANTS LATER THE SAVAGE TORRENT ENGULFS THE "CRESCENT CITY" ITSELF...

ROAAARRRRRR!

MEANWHILE DOWNSTREAM...

I'LL NEVER KNOW HOW WE MADE IT!

WE WERE LUCKY! BUT THE PEOPLE IN NEW ORLEANS PROBABLY NEVER HAD A CHANCE!

ALL RIGHT, MEN! LET'S HEAD UP-RIVER AND SEE IF WE CAN FIND ANY SURVIVORS!

PRESENTLY IN THE DISASTER AREA.

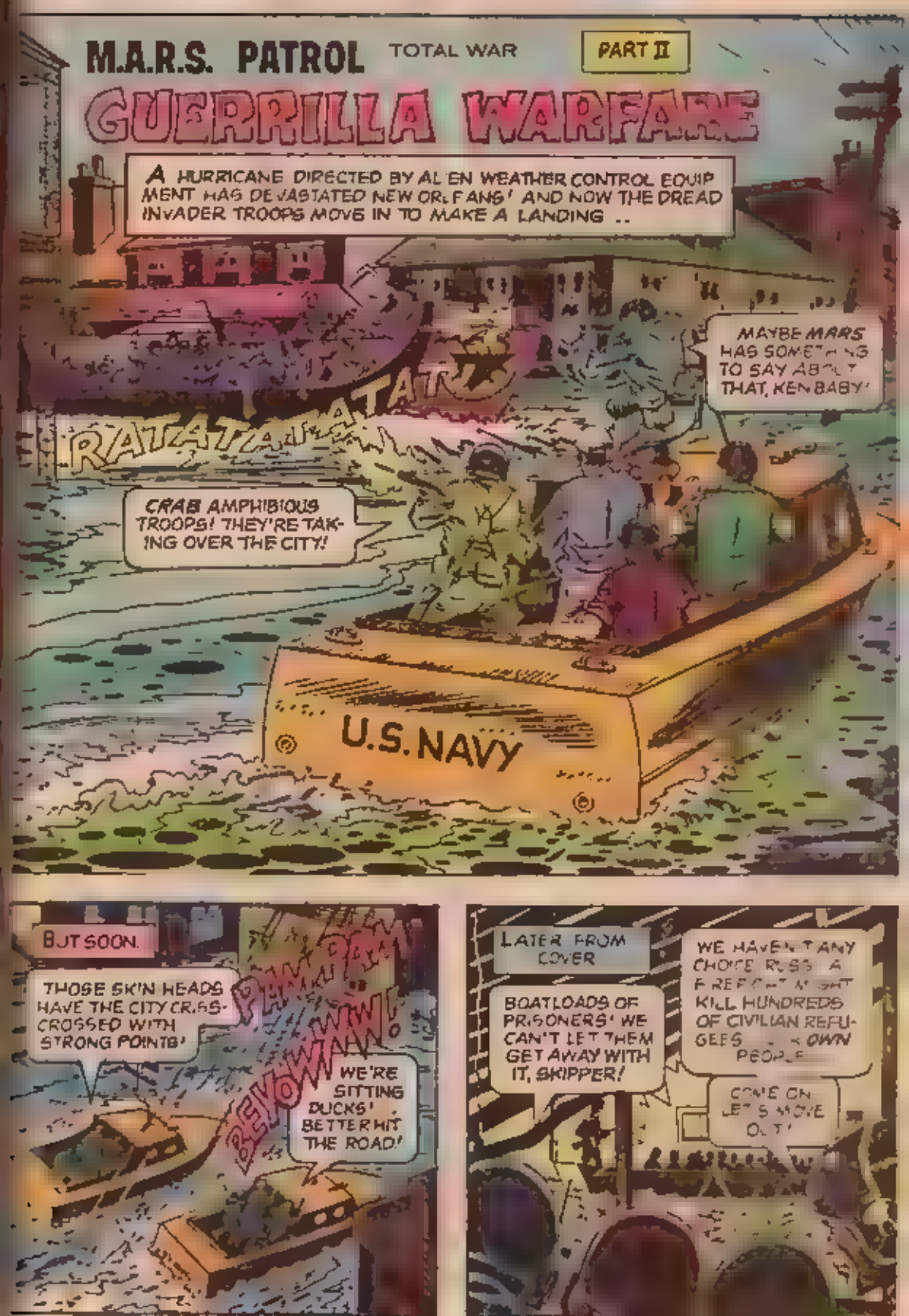
THOSE BLASTED 'INVADER RATS'! WHAT COULD THEY GAIN BY WRECKING THE CITY AND KILLING THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE?

SKIP IT, FRIEND RIGHT NOW WE'D BETTER GET THESE PEOPLE TO DRY GROUND!

RUSS, WE'RE IN LUCK! THE STORM'S LETTING UP!

LUCK? HERE COMES A [redacted] STAND BY FOR ACTION!

END PART 1


M.A.R.S. PATROL
TOTAL WAR
PART II
GUERRILLA WARFARE
A HURRICANE DIRECTED BY ALIEN WEATHER CONTROL EQUIPMENT HAS DEVASTATED NEW ORLEANS! AND NOW THE DREAD INVADER TROOPS MOVE IN TO MAKE A LANDING ..
MAYBE MARS HAS SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT THAT, KEN BABY!
RATATATATATAT
CRAB AMPHIBIOUS TROOPS! THEY'RE TAKING OVER THE CITY!
U.S. NAVY
BUT SOON.
THOSE SKIN HEADS HAVE THE CITY CRISS-CROSSED WITH STRONG POINTS!
PAM PAM
BEYOWWW!
WE'RE SITTING DUCKS! BETTER HIT THE ROAD!
LATER FROM COVER
BOATLOADS OF PRISONERS! WE CAN'T LET THEM GET AWAY WITH IT, SKIPPER!
WE HAVEN'T ANY CHOICE RUSS. A FIREFIGHT MIGHT KILL HUNDREDS OF CIVILIAN REFUGEES ... OWN PEOPLE
COME ON LET'S MOVE OUT!

LONG AFTERWARD, AT A FORLORN GATHERING ON THE CITY'S OUTSKIRTS ..
MEN, THAT HURRICANE DID THE JOB FOR THE INVADERS! IT RUINED ALL NEW ORLEANS' DEFENSES—KNOCKED OUT COMMUNICATIONS AND POWER LINES!
THE CITY IS CUT OFF, UNDER INVADER CONTROL! ALL WE HAVE TO FIGHT WITH IS THE MARS TEAM PLUS THE DOZEN NATIONAL-GUARDSMEN AND SAILORS WHO ESCAPED CAPTURE!
THAT'S ENOUGH FOR US TO START A GUERILLA WAR!
BUT, JOE, WE NEED A BASE OF OPERATIONS... A PLACE WHERE WE CAN REST, GATHER SUPPLIES
I KNOW JUST THE SPOT! IT'S CALLED GATOR BAYOU ABOUT 40 MILES FROM HERE! MY UNCLE SETH RUNS A LUMBER CAMP THERE!
AND SO, AT DAWN THE NEXT DAY ..
ARE YOU SURE YOU CAN FIND THIS LUMBER-CAMP, JOE?
NOW THAT THE FLOOD HAS RECEDED, I CAN SPOT ALL THE LANDMARKS! WE'LL BEACH THE BOATS HERE AND PROCEED ON FOOT!
BUT MOMENTS LATER
ARRRRRR!
HOLD IT, JOE! A ROAD-BLOCK WITH TEETH YET!
NOW YOU KNOW WHY THEY CALL THIS GATOR BAYOU!

JUST THEN...

HOLD IT, MEN! WE HAVE COMPANY!

SKWOOPT!

THAT WAS ME, FRIEND! THIS BAYOU IS *OFF LIMITS* TO STRANGERS!

I'M NO STRANGER! MY UNCLE, SETH STRIKER, RUNS THAT LUMBER CAMP!

AT THAT MOMENT...

LISA! PUT DOWN THAT RIFLE, YOU FOOL GIRL! THAT'S MY NEPHEW, LITTLE JOE!

UNCLE SETH! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!

JOE, THIS IS LISA KANE, A NEIGHBOR! SHE CAME TO LIVE WITH US WHEN HER FOLKS DIED TWO YEARS BACK!

GLAD TO SEE AN IMPROVEMENT AROUND HERE!

SORRY I WAS SO EDGY, JOE! BUT A RADIO BULLETIN SAID INVADERS JUST TOOK OVER NEW ORLEANS!... AND WHEN I SAW YOUR UNIFORMS...

I UNDERSTAND! THAT ALIEN INVASION IS WHY WE ARE HERE!

AS JOE ENDS HIS EXPLANATION

SO YOU'RE ON THE *MARS* TEAM! I'M SURE PROUD OF YOU, JOE! YOU AND YOUR BUDDIES ARE MORE THAN WELCOME TO STAY HERE!

SOON...

THERE'S MY CAMP, LIEUTENANT! THOSE ***SWAMP BUGGIES*** AND ***AERO-SLEDS*** WILL COME IN HANDY WHEN YOU OPERATE IN MARSH COUNTRY!

THANKS! WE'LL NEED A COUPLE OF DAYS FOR PLANNING BEFORE STARTING GUERILLA OPERATIONS!

THREE DAYS LATER.

WE'LL HAVE TO SCOUT THE TERRAIN AROUND NEW ORLEANS! BUT THE ENEMY IS BOUND TO HAVE THE MAIN ROUTES COVERED BY ***RADAR!***

DON'T FRET, LIEUTENANT! LISA, HERE, KNOWS EVERY WATERWAY IN THE AREA!

THEN, AFTER A LONG TRIP ON REMOTE CANALS...

HERE WE ARE! THIS INDUSTRIAL CANAL JOINS THE MISSISSIPPI ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE OIL REFINERY!

YOU KNOW THIS COUNTRY LIKE THE BACK OF YOUR HAND, USA BABY!

JOE...I COULD GUIDE YOU THROUGH THE CITY! I WAS BROUGHT UP THERE!

SORRY, LISA, BUT THOSE BALDIES PLAY ROUGH... AND FOR ***KEEPS!*** FOR THEM, IT'S ***TOTAL WAR!***

IF IT'S TOTAL WAR, THEN ***WOMEN*** OUGHT TO BE SOLDIERS, TOO!

NICE TRY, LISA, BUT YOU STAY HERE WHILE THE ***MARS*** TEAM SCOUTS THE BALDIES!

MEANWHILE, THE INVADERS HAVE CONTROL OF CRESCENT CITY...

THE CLEAN-UP WORK GOES TOO SLOWLY! THE BARRACKS MUST BE READY FOR OUR MAIN OCCUPATION FORCES WHEN THEY ARRIVE TOMORROW!

I'LL ORDER AN ADDITIONAL *FORCED LABOR* BATTALION, COMMANDER!

AS THE INSPECTION PROCEEDS...

THESE CAPTURED PETRO-CHEMICAL REFINERIES ARE PRICELESS! OUR LUBRICANT AND FUEL SUPPLIES WERE AT THE DANGER LEVEL WHEN WE TOOK THIS CITY!

BUT NOW OUR ARMY IS COLLECTING COUNTLESS BARGE LOADS OF CHEMICALS, MINERALS AND RAW MATERIALS!

OUR TRANSPORT DOME IS WORKING AT TOP CAPACITY, COMMANDER!

WITH THIS ENORMOUS SUPPLY OF RAW MATERIALS AND SLAVE LABOR WE'LL MAKE THIS CITY OUR FIRST *GREAT BASE* ON THIS CONTINENT!

MEANWHILE, THE MARS PATROL SCOUTS THROUGH THE CITY
FACE IT, SKIPPER! WE'VE SCOUTED NEW ORLEANS FOR HOURS! WE STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON!
RELAX, HERO! WE CAN'T START OPERATIONS TILL WE KNOW WHAT THEY HAVE UP THEIR SLEEVES.
HOLD IT GUYS! IT'S A SLAVE LABOR BATTALION LOADING A BARGE!
THOSE POOR GUYS ARE BEING WORKED TO DEATH! THEY'RE ON THE RAMPLESS! WE'VE GOTTA DO SOMETHING, SKIPPER!
COOL IT, RUSS! OUR SCOUTING MISSION COMES FIRST!
JUST THEN
PLEASE... I'M TOO WEAK TO DO ANY MORE! I'VE GOT TO HAVE SOME FOOD.
SO YOU STOPPED WORKING, AND I HAVE WARNED YOU FOR THE LAST TIME!
LET THIS BE A LESSON TO THE OTHERS!
BANG
SPRING

THEY KILLED HIM IN COLD BLOOD! I'LL MAKE THOSE MURDERING BUTCHERS PAY!

JOE! COME BACK!

RUSS! IT'S TOO LATE! WE'VE GOT TO BACK HIM UP! GO FOR BROKE!

RATA TAT! BEEYOWWW!

HEY! IT'S OUR GUYS! THEY FINISHED OFF THE BALDY GUARDS!

THEY'RE FREE!

AT THAT MOMENT...

JOE, LOOK OUT!..BEHIND YOU!

A BALDY LASER GUN! IT WOULD HAVE FRIED ME TO A CRISP!

ZZZZZZ!

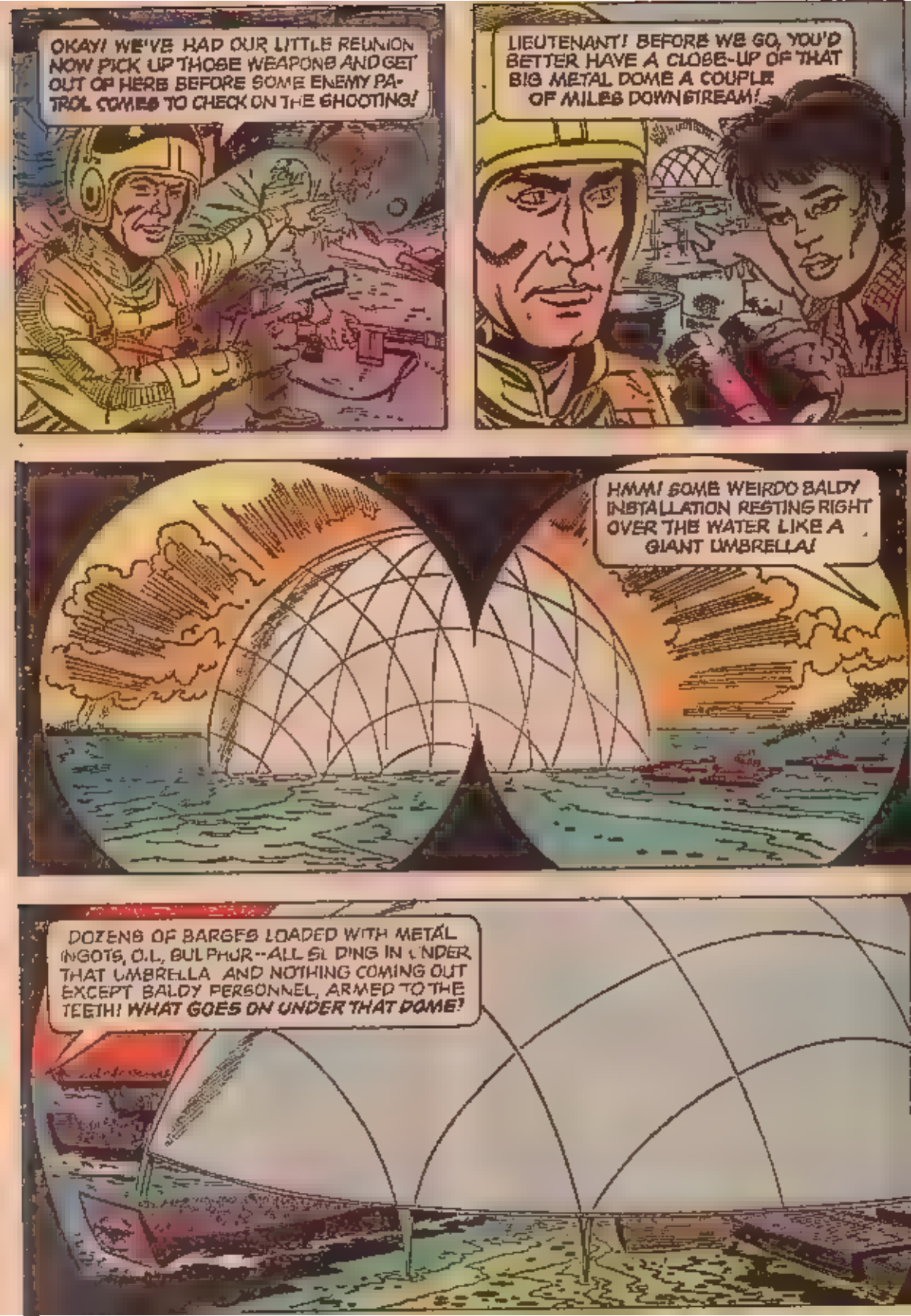
BUT SUDDENLY...

SOMEONE GOT THAT SKIN HEAD! BUT WHO?

BEEYOW!

LISA! FOR PETE'S SAKE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

BEEN TAGGING AFTER YOUR PATROL FOR THE PAST TWO HOURS! YOU SAID IT WAS TOTAL WAR-AND THAT INCLUDES ME!


OKAY! WE'VE HAD OUR LITTLE REUNION NOW PICK UP THOSE WEAPONS AND GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE SOME ENEMY PATROL COMES TO CHECK ON THE SHOOTING!
LIEUTENANT! BEFORE WE GO, YOU'D BETTER HAVE A CLOSE-UP OF THAT BIG METAL DOME A COUPLE OF MILES DOWNSTREAM!
HMM! SOME WEIRDO BALDY INSTALLATION RESTING RIGHT OVER THE WATER LIKE A GIANT UMBRELLA!
DOZENS OF BARGES LOADED WITH METAL INGOTS, O.L, SULPHUR--ALL SLIDING IN UNDER THAT UMBRELLA AND NOTHING COMING OUT EXCEPT BALDY PERSONNEL, ARMED TO THE TEETH! WHAT GOES ON UNDER THAT DOME?

AT THAT INSTANT, UNDER THE VAST CANOPY...

DOME TO BASE! PREPARING TO TELEPORT FIVE MORE UNITS! MOLECULAR COHESION FACTOR APPROACHING ZERO!

BASE TO DOME! READY TO RECEIVE TELEPORT SHIPMENTS! ALL CIRCUITS IN PLACE!

MEANWHILE...

THAT DOME MUST BE THE TELEPORTATION TERMINAL! REINFORCEMENTS COME IN--RAW MATERIALS GO OUT, TO THE HOME PLANET . AND OTHER BASES!

IF I'M RIGHT, THAT DOME IS THE CENTER OF BALDY ACTIVITY HERE! SO THAT'S OUR TARGET! LET'S GET BACK TO OUR MAIN FORCE! I'VE GOT A PLAN!

THAT NIGHT, FAR UPSTREAM...

AS GUERILLAS, WE'VE GOT TO USE EVERY UNORTHODOX TACTIC IN THE BOOK! AND THIS OIL REFINERY WILL BE OUR SECRET WEAPON!

LET'S GET THE BALL ROLLING! DUMP EVERY BARREL IN THE RIVER! THE CURRENT WILL CARRY THEM DOWNSTREAM TO THE DOME!

SPLAAAASH!

NOW OPEN THOSE VALVES! WE'RE GOING TO FLOOD THE RIVER WITH *HIGH OCTANE FUEL!*

WOOOOSSHHH!

TALK ABOUT SECRET WEAPONS! THIS ONE WILL GO DOWN IN HISTORY--IF IT WORKS!

WE'LL SEE THAT IT *DOES!*

AT DAWN, IN THE ALIEN AIRPORT DOME...

LOOK! THE INFRA-RED SCREEN SHOWS HUNDREDS OF TARGETS APPROACHING FROM UPSTREAM!

ORDER AN ALERT AT ONCE!

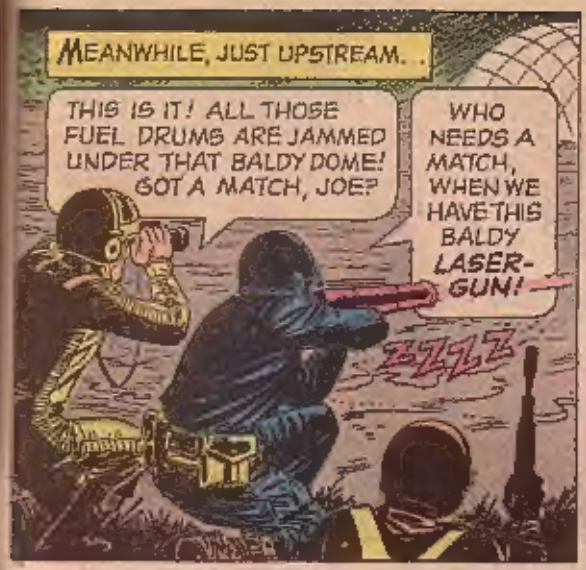
METAL CONTAINERS--THOUSANDS OF THEM! THEY MUST HAVE BROKEN LOOSE FROM SOME STORAGE PLANT UPSTREAM! I'LL HAVE THEIR CONTENTS CHECKED IMMEDIATELY!

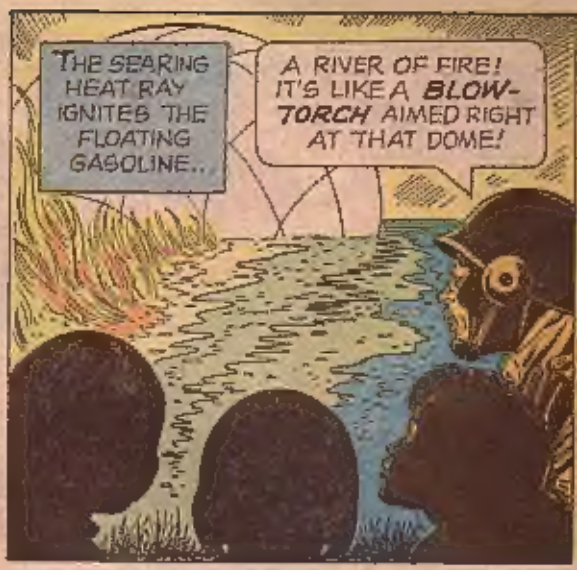
HIGH-ENERGY PETROCHEMICAL FUEL! SPLENDID! WE'LL TELEPORT THESE CONTAINERS BACK TO BASE RIGHT AWAY!

SOME OF THE CONTAINERS MUST HAVE LEAKED! THE RIVER IS *COVERED* WITH FUEL!

DANGER GASOLINE

DANGER GASOLINE





THEN, AN AWESOME BLAST.

BAAAROOMM!

IT WORKED! THE FLAMING GAS IGNITED THE FUEL DRUMS! THAT DOME WENT UP LIKE A GIANT BOMB!

IN THE GRIM HOURS THAT FOLLOW, THE GUERILLAS MOPS UP THE DEMORALIZED ALIENS...

AND WHEN THE BATTLE ENDS...

FEAST YOUR EYES, LISA-BABY! THOSE ARE *OUR* PARATROOPS! WE USED A CAPTURED BALDY RADIO TO CALL THEM IN!

BUT IT TOOK YOU AND THE *MARS* TEAM TO KNOCK OUT THE ENEMY *FIRST*, JOE!

AT LAST...

THE *MARS* WHIRLYBIRD IS WAITING, LISA! WE'VE GOT ANOTHER MISSION WAITING! GOT TO SHOVE OFF!

TAKE CARE, JOE!

BUT I'LL BE BACK!

AND I'LL BE WAITING, JOE!